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OF
MISS EMMA COLE,

BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF HER LIFE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY M. AURELIUS.
1844.







"I fell upon my knees and besought him to spare me, a poor friendless orphan." See page 13.

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LIFE AND SUFFERINGS OF MISS EMMA COLE.

READER,—dispensing with an introduction, I will enter at once upon the history of my Life and Sufferings; and although in many cases it may afford us but little satisfaction in taking a retrospective glance of our past life, yet with myself it is a source of much real pleasure to turn over the pages in the volume of events of my chequered life, treasured in my memory, and to thank the great Author of my being, who has carried me safely through so many trying scenes.

I was born in the State of Maine. And although my parents were poor, they were honest. My father gained a livelihood for his family by cultivating a small piece of land, and occasionally fishing. Being the only child of my parents I was their idol. Beneath their parental roof I lived in my innocence, happy and contented, and sorrow was a stranger to my buoyant heart. I would that the conscious delights of those days had never departed from me; but alas! my father became a prey to a consumption, and then could perform but little labor; and it was with much difficulty my poor mother could support us, I being quite young, then only about

five years of age. For two years previous my father grew worse ; at last he paid the debt of nature. His loss preyed on my mother, and threw her into a fever, and she survived him only about three months and then she too left me, giving me the best of advice. It was a solemn time for me, and I shall never forget the grief of my little bosom at that moment when she closed her eyes in death. I said within myself, would that I could have died for her. Alas ! I was now left alone to drift upon the wide waters of the world, having neither house nor home ; for the premises improved by my parents were only hired, and the little personal property they had went to defray the expenses of sickness. Being poorly clad, I hardly knew where to wander ; but an old friend of my father's, by the name of Smith, offered me an opportunity to come and live in his family. I immediately embraced the opportunity, and was treated well, but it did not seem like my father's house. I had to do the drudgery for all the family ; that I was willing to do, even any thing that lay in my power, to make them satisfied and contented.

Time passed on, and I found myself in my fourteenth year. It was my study to make all around me happy and contented. I very seldom left to go anywhere, except to church, and there I could go but seldom, most always on Sundays having to take care of the children, in order that the family might attend. I remained quite happy, until a young man in the neighborhood, by the name of Hackley, one day as the rest of the family were away from home, came to the house. Standing high in the estimation of this world, having rich parents and relations, and being quite handsome,

he thought that all must obey him at his request or command. As soon as he was aware that I was alone, and knowing also that I was a poor orphan, he conceived the thought of robbing me of all that makes life valuable—character. But I resisted to the utmost of my strength and abilities; and I succeeded in frustrating his fiendish schemes. After this I left the house, and fled to one of the nearest neighbors, intending to expose him; but as I arrived there, I found the family were engaged with some newly arrived friends, and therefore I concluded to defer it until a more convenient time. I stopped there a short time and returned home. The family had just arrived a few moments before me, but they also had brought with them some of their friends, and I had not an opportunity to expose the villain. I immediately went about my customary employments, and in a few hours there came two persons to the house, who desired to speak privately with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and they all went into another room by themselves. As they spoke rather loud, I could perceive that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were quite angry, but could understand only a little that was said; I heard my name several times repeated. At last they came out and went into several rooms, and then I was taken aside, and totally confounded by the declaration, that I had stolen and secreted their silver spoons. I declared upon my honor I had not taken them. They said that I was an imposter, that I was not to be believed, and that I had broken several locks, and taken articles not belonging to me, some of which were secreted in my trunk. I resolutely

denied every charge, but was told, that as they had detected my dishonesty, I must quit their house, for they could no longer harbor an imposter. I fell on my knees at their feet, and called heaven to witness that I was innocent of the dreadful charges they had made, and implored them not to cast me off; but their hearts appeared as hard as adamant; they said they would not listen to any words, for they had caught me already in several falsehoods, and therefore would hear nothing more from me; and giving me my bonnet and shawl, desired me to quit their house immediately, and never let them see me again.

I arose with a bursting heart, and made my way out of the house. I wandered a few steps, and fainted. When I revived, it was with much difficulty that I could convince myself but that it was a dream; but alas, I soon found that it was reality. I wandered about until it was quite dark. Not knowing whither I had strayed, I came to a miserable looking hut and knocked at the door. An old lady came to the door and wished to know what I wanted. I told her that I had lost my way, and did not know where I was, and inquired how far it was to Mr. Smith's. She told me it was about five miles, and asked me to walk in. I was glad of the invitation, for it had been raining most of the afternoon, and I had got completely drenched.

I was glad even to find this shelter, although it was a wretched looking place. There stood a small pine table in the middle of the floor, and on it a candle and a few roasted potatoes, and a little cold meat; without bread, cakes, pie or tea. In the fireplace were a few embers. The woman seeing that I was quite wet, im-

mediately built a good fire and I sat down by it. I could not help thinking of my situation. She saw that I was much embarrassed, and invited me to her supper table. I thankfully accepted her invitation. After supper she made a bed for me before the fire, and laying myself down, I could not sleep, my mind being so much affected by my situation. At last I fell into a profound slumber, and did not awake until aroused by the old lady's preparations for breakfast, which was a very meagre affair, but of which I partook with her. She then wished to know how I happened to get lost. I now informed her of my situation ; she sympathized with me much. I could not conceive how those articles came in my trunk, unless that villain had placed them there to ruin me ; the old lady thought that his intention in pursuing this course was to drive me from the town to save his own reputation. I did not know what to do or where to go ; it would not do for me to stay here and live on the old lady, for she had told me her situation. She was once rich and happy ; her husband lost his fortune in the last war, which worried him so that it threw him into a consumption, and he died, leaving her nearly penniless. Her friends almost entirely forgot her, and very seldom called on her, and in but few instances offered her the least assistance. She was much surprised at their cool treatment, and therefore chose to retire from their society, rather than to be so neglected by them ; so she obtained this hovel of a place, and had supported herself here by her own industry. "It is true, I have fared hard," she said, "but I have not had to be dependent on any of my pretended friends, or those that I considered my true friends, when kind providence filled our storehouses

to overflowing; but who, when misfortunes came on me, fled and left me to wander alone." The old lady wished me to remain longer, but I could not consent, knowing that it would take from her small pittance, which she had provided for a long cold winter; so I took my leave of her. She gave me good advice, and warned me to take heed of my character, for one false step might precipitate me in the deepest abyss of misery; that I must expect to find a rough and uneven path to tread, at the best. In return, I declared that no temptation could shake my resolution, or make me swerve from the paths of rectitude. She seemed much pleased to find that I resolved to lean to virtue's side, even at the hazard of my life. I thanked her much for her kindness, for truly the poor widow's mite was much to me. - Having left her hospitable roof, I determined to set out on foot for Bangor, and arrived there after a day's journey, much fatigued. Being now penniless, I had to beg the favor in an obscure house of a night's lodging. In the morning I went in quest of employment, and began to think I should find none, when a lady informed me that a female was wanted to attend some ladies on their passage to Boston, and the offer having been made me of the situation, I gladly accepted it. There were several ladies on board, one of whom wished to engage me as a domestic in her house when we should arrive in Boston. I gladly accepted the offer, and on our arrival in Boston, accompanied her to her house. She kindly supplied me with clothes, and did much to make me happy, and while under her roof I felt that I had again a mother. But a bitter draught was soon to be handed me. I learnt that my best of

friends was about to visit Europe, to be absent for a few years; consequently, my services were not wanted any longer. Before her departure she presented me with clothing, and procured me another place at service. The name of the family where I now went to live was Haden. At this place my duties were very arduous, but I bore them as well as I could, being supported by that innate sense of rectitude which has ever accompanied me, and feeling a sense of satisfactory pride, that I was earning my livelihood, and was not a dependent on others. I had been at this place about a year, and had not taken up any of my wages; when one day I heard that Haden had become a bankrupt. I then requested a settlement of Mrs. Haden, who informed me that all their effects had been put into the hands of their creditors, and she could not pay me a farthing, and that they were in a few days to break up house-keeping.

Thus I was again obliged to find a home. I took board, and during the time that I was in search of a situation, had to part with every article I could spare of my scanty clothing, to defray the expenses of my board. I daily visited the intelligence offices, but found no suitable place; until one day, I being at the office, an elderly lady alighted from a carriage and stepped into the office. She said she was in search of a girl as a help in her family. She addressed me, and was quite inquisitive as to who and what I was, and where I came from. I replied to her, that I was destitute, and an orphan. She seemed satisfied with my answers, and the wages having been agreed on, she bade me follow her into her carriage, which

stopped at a fine looking house in Eliot street, at the south part of the city. On entering, I observed a number of good looking young ladies, to whom I was introduced as her friends. I was informed that my duty would be to take charge of two or three sleeping apartments. The ladies gave me to understand, that as some gentlemen were to call that evening, I might retire if I chose, but would like to have me present the next evening. I thanked them for the privilege of retiring, and went to bed quite early, for I did not wish to see their company.

On entering my chamber, I closed and made secure the door, then looked beneath the bed and in the closets to see that all was right. Having satisfied myself, I went to bed, and began to recall to my mind the numerous hardships I had gone through, for one so young, and hoping that a better fate awaited me; not dreaming that any fresh misfortunes were near at hand, or but that I was perfectly secure in my new situation. It was quite late when I fell asleep. I had not been asleep long, when I was awakened by voices in an adjoining room; the parties appeared to be angry, and used many oaths, but I could not distinguish what was said. This alarmed me so much that I could not close my eyes in sleep again the remainder of the night. I feared I had got into a house of disreputable character; and I determined to watch every movement, and if I discovered it to be so, to leave it at once. Things seemed to go on smoothly the next day, and on asking one of the girls the occasion of the noise the last night, she told me that the street door having been inadvertently left open that night, a drunken fellow had mistaken his way and

entered the house, and this occasioned the noise I had heard. I did not credit this account, but said nothing more about it.

At last, evening came once more, and the old lady told me that a rich young man of her acquaintance, from the South, was expected there that evening, and she desired me to be very attentive to wait on him, and be particular not to displease him, as he was of a passionate temper, and yet was a very fine fellow, and always made presents when he called. I promised to do my duty. In the evening he arrived, and occasionally there came in other young men. I scrutinized their appearance and conduct very narrowly.

After a while the old lady's relative from the South complained of being unwell, and I was desired to show him to an apartment where he might sleep. Having shown him up to his room, I was about to return, when I was seized by him and dragged into his chamber. He then told me it would be useless for me to resist, as I was completely in his power, and gave me the horrible intelligence of the character of the house I was in. I fell on my knees, and begged him to spare a friendless orphan; that I had no knowledge of the kind of house I was in, and implored him to pity me, and let me instantly depart. He replied by laughing, and saying there was no use of whining about it. I could perceive protruding from his vest the handle of a dirk. Despair now seized me, and while in his grasp, I made a sudden movement and snatched the dagger from his breast; this disengaged him, and I then warned him not to approach me, or I should take his life. He made an attempt to get the weapon from me, but with my whole

muscular strength I made a thrust at him, which sent the weapon in to its hilt. He fell, and uttered a deep groan. I quickly unlocked the door, and catching my shawl as I passed down the stairs, made my way out of the house as soon as I could. I expected that I must certainly have killed him, and my feelings can better be imagined than described. I at once determined to return to the house at which I had been boarding before I was inveigled into that house of abomination. By good luck I easily found it. The door was unlocked, and perceiving company in the house, I went to the room which I had occupied, and retired to bed, trembling, and a cold clammy sweat standing on my face, and scarcely daring to indulge the thought of what had just passed. I soon heard some one coming up to my chamber, and I feigned to be asleep. It was the landlady; she approached and spoke to me. I appeared to awake. She seemed pleased to see me, and wished to know when I returned from my visit. I told her I had returned early that evening, but observing that she had friends to see her, I did not like to intrude, especially as I was a stranger. She supposed I had been on a visit to some friends, and inquired if I enjoyed myself. I told her I had been rather unwell, and did not enjoy my visit so much as I otherwise should. Making a few more friendly remarks, she bade me good night, and I was left to reflect on my miserable situation. Sleep did not close my eyelids that night.

It was now evident that my condition was a desperate one, and that my cup of woe was full; I had never before been so miserable. I was at a loss what course to pursue. It was evident that if I had killed the man,

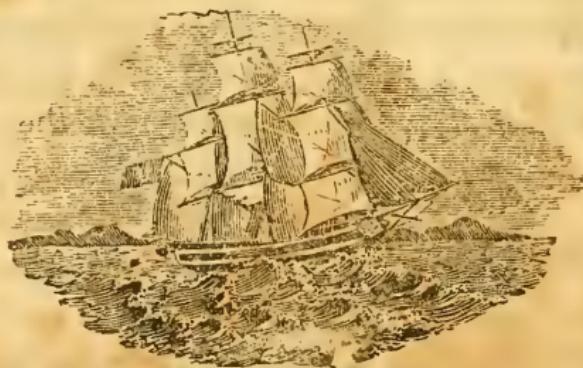
the old woman and her *friends* would be witnesses against me, and although it was not known where I had fled, it would be an easy matter to find me. I was consoled by the thought, that if I had killed the man, it was in defence of my honor, which I valued more than life. A thousand schemes floated in my mind that night; at length, towards morning I conceived the bold idea of exchanging my clothes for a sailor's, and endeavoring to procure the berth of cook on board some vessel, whither bound was of little consequence to me.

Having got up, I dressed myself with as little clothing as I could to appear decent, and took the remainder to a cast-off clothing shop, and readily exchanged them. Having procured the sailor's dress, I packed it up snugly and carried it to my lodgings, and went to my chamber, put on the clothes, which fitted me as well as if they had been made for me. I then put on my woman's clothes again, and went to a barber and had my hair cut off, which I sold to him. I then settled with the landlady for my board.

My imagined difficulty now was to get an opportunity to ship on board a vessel. But a chance soon presented itself, as the cook engaged in a certain vessel had been taken sick, I was taken in his place; the wages were to be ten dollars a month, and the voyage to Europe. She sailed on the same day I shipped, and I felt much relieved on quitting Boston, which had been the scene of that awful tragedy, in which I was doomed to play so conspicuous a part. I had not yet seen our captain; the owner and the mate having engaged me. On asking where Captain Gregory was, (that was his name,) I was told that he was on board, but was rather

unwell. As we passed the light-houses and were standing out to sea, I overheard the first and second mate conversing about the captain, when one of them observed, that he had got stabbed the night before, by a girl, and mentioned the street and the circumstances.

It was now evident to me, that the captain was the same individual I had encountered at the afore-mentioned house of ill fame. I was confounded again with



my extraordinary situation; an evil genius seemed to pursue me. I must now be confined by this demon, and he my master. But desponding would be useless, and I resolved to muster courage, and trust in that kind Providence that had already rescued me from so many impending dangers. I was at first a little sea-sick, but soon recovered, and went about my work with as much familiarity as I could, and endeavoring to imitate the voice of a man as much as possible.

After we had been out about twenty days, the Captain had so far recovered that he appeared upon deck. He did not recognize his intended victim, through my disguise, and often spoke of the girl, and said she had done right, although it had nearly cost him his life. The vessel being old, it was resolved to repair her on

her arrival in London. We arrived in port, and the Captain gave us leave to quit the vessel's service if we wished, as it would take two or more months time to repair her. For my part I was rejoiced to leave the vessel, which I did at once.

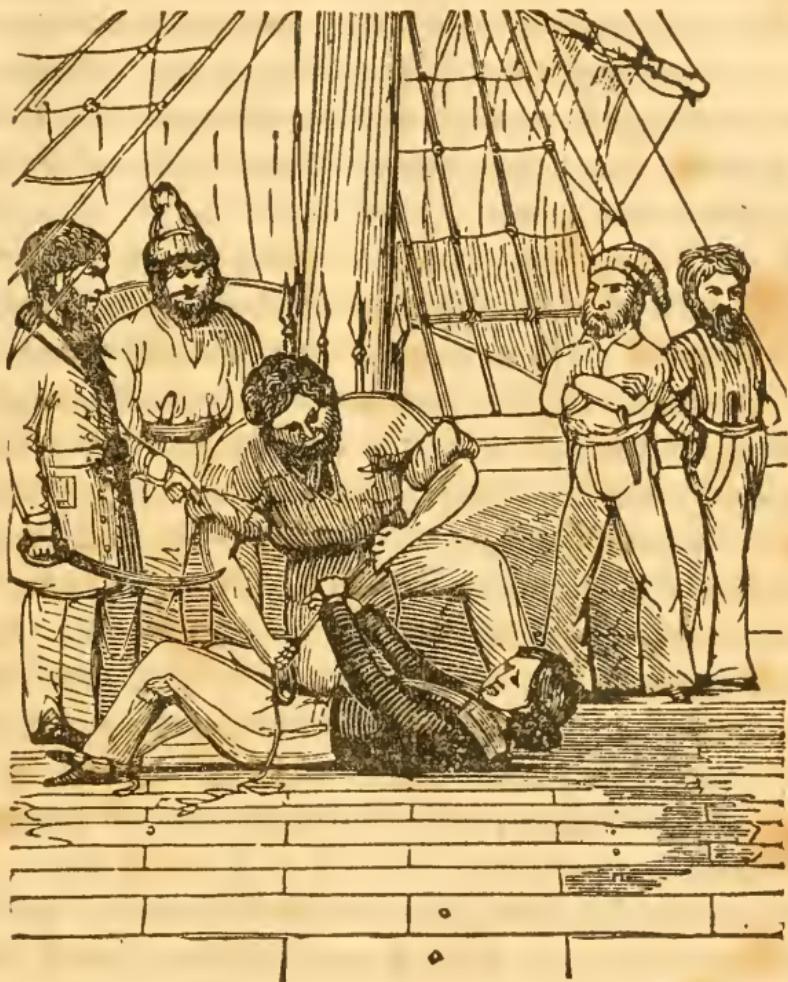
I wandered about the streets of London for about a day, in search of employment, but found none; and my only alternative was to go to sea again. Having procured myself some clothing and other necessary articles, I shipped in the brig *Juba*, destined for New Orleans, having been in London ten days. For several days after we left port we had a very fair wind, and nothing unusual occurred to disturb the monotony of the voyage.

One afternoon, we saw a sail at a distance, which was approaching us. At first no fears were entertained in regard to her character; but as she neared us, we began to suspect her. The Captain ordered all sail to be hoisted, which was done. We were now commanded to put ourselves in a situation of defence, which we did with the scanty means that the vessel afforded. But the wind springing up, we began to distance her. Night coming on, attended by a squall, we changed our course, and kept no lights to be seen, hoping by this means to elude her. But as morning dawned she was still in sight, and the wind had greatly subsided. She gained on us fast, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon came along, and sent us a broadside salute, which carried away our mainmast. We were now very near one another. We fought with such arms as the vessel afforded, until there were but three souls left alive to defend her. It being useless to contend longer, we ceased, and the vessel being boarded, we expected no

quarters. The pirates, however, after having plundered and scuttled our vessel, and taken us to their own, offered us the alternative of joining their gang, and of swearing faithfulness to them,—or death. Between these we must instantly decide. My two comrades did not long hesitate to join them.

In this awful situation, I uttered a fleeting prayer to God for strength to make my decision. Heaven answered my appeal, and enabled me resolutely to declare to the murderers, that I preferred death rather than shed a fellow-being's blood, except in defence of life. This enraged them, and I was dragged by my hair to the yard-arm, and there secured. Why I was not despatched at once I did not know, unless I was reserved for a subject of torture.

They had scarcely finished binding me, when a sudden gust of wind struck the vessel, and laid her on her beam-ends, but she soon resumed her position. A violent storm had been coming on, which now broke upon us with great violence, and which on the second day, had driven us in sight of land, which proved to be an island. Death now stared every one in the face, which to me was far more welcome than to unite myself with these fiends in the likeness of men, and shed innocent blood for the sake of gold. As the vessel neared the shore, the anchors were thrown out, but the cables parted, and imminent death was before us. The Captain ordered me to be unbound, for he said we should all be in eternity soon. I was then unbound. The sea ran very high, but the vessel striking upon a sandy shore, by a kind Providence we were all saved. She soon after went to pieces, and we were left on an apparently desolate island.



Emma, as a sailor, captured on the high seas, and bound by Pirates.
See opposite page.

The pirates now began to be affected by a different feeling towards me than they had before entertained. The principle of virtue and humanity, which actuated me, seemed to have its benign effects, even on their flinty and murderous hearts. They were witnesses that I chose death at their hands, rather than steep my own in the warm blood of a fellow being. I treated them kindly, and savage as were their natures, I was used much better than my two former comrades who had joined their gang.

We had not been long in this situation, when we were visited by a small party of Indians, from a neighboring island. They appeared of a friendly character, and observing we were destitute of provisions, supplied us from their own. A bloody tragedy was again to be enacted by the heartless pirates. The canoes and other articles belonging to the Indians were wanted by the pirates, and engaging in a slight dispute with them, the whole crew fell upon and butchered them all. As I was obliged to be a silent spectator of this cruel and most inhuman deed, my blood seemed to congeal in my veins, my pulse to cease its throbbing, and my whole faculties to be paralyzed. But there was no escaping from my situation.

After this slaughter, they took the canoes of the natives, together with their weapons, and expected, thus equipped, to be able to capture some defenceless vessel, when one should heave in sight. Two days elapsed, and a vessel was descried at a distance. It being calm, we all got into the canoes and made towards her. On reaching her, she appeared to be a merchantman, from the African coast, with gold dust and other valuables,

and bound for London. On being made acquainted that we had just been shipwrecked, we were received by them and treated with great kindness.

When the pirates had discovered the value of the cargo, a plan was concerted to murder the whole of the vessel's crew, and take possession of the vessel. The moment at length arrived for the insurrection. At a signal they arose, but were promptly met by the vessel's crew, who it seems had been suspicious of their designs all the while. There was a desperate struggle between the parties, but the pirates were at last conquered, without any loss of life. We were all put in chains; but were treated much better than I could have expected. I now considered my destiny fixed, and that no better fate awaited me than death, for there seemed to be no chance of escape. It was thirty-six days before we arrived at London.

Perhaps the reader may imagine in some degree the state of my feelings during the voyage. An orphan, penniless, friendless, and hurried with a gang of bloody desperadoes, I was confined day and night, and compelled to listen to their blasphemy, as they cursed the protecting hand of heaven, that had arrested them in their guilty career. Though life be desirable, as it is ordinarily possessed, yet I could pray that mine might cease at once, rather than have lived much longer in the situation wherein I was placed. My hand had not been raised against the friendly mariners, by whom we had been so kindly received. My only trust was in Him to whom the most secret thoughts and actions of all are visible.

My limbs were much galled by the irons with which

I was bound, yet I did not murmur, though I could hardly stand. My resignation to this hard fate seemed to slightly affect my hardened companions, who knew that I was suffering unjustly.

When we arrived at London, we were thrown into damp cells, and there lay several weeks awaiting our trials. At last the eventful time arrived for us to be arraigned. The captain was first tried, and condemned to be hung, then the rest were severally tried, and received the same sentence. Being but a youth, my case was reserved until the last. This was an awful and critical moment for me. Standing before a judge, in the presence of a jury that were sworn to acquit or condemn according to the testimony, I knew my case to be hopeless, unless there should be discovered one spark of pity or humanity in the hearts of the condemned wretches, who were soon to stand before a higher tribunal, and receive the sentence of the Judge of Heaven. On being asked what I had to say in my behalf, with much emotion I replied, that I was innocent of the crime alleged against me, and that if those that had been condemned could be induced to speak the truth for me, it was all I could ask. After a few moments of breathless silence, during which my destiny was decided, the pirate captain arose, and asking permission, said he had a few words to say before the court proceeded further. He then related how I had come among them, my refusal to participate in their bloody designs, and other particulars in relation to my situation. The mate confirmed the captain's story. By this voluntary act of benevolence on the part of the condemned, I was acquitted and set at

liberty. Indeed, my signal deliverance seemed like a miracle performed by heaven, to signify its regard for truth and justice. Truly, I did not expect these life-giving words from those who had, but a few months before, murdered my companions, and having bound me, were about to add me to the number of their victims. The condemned, nine in all, were solemnly executed. Awful fate! I could not avoid the reflection, of what would be the contrast in their situation, had they like me, made *right* their governing principle, and have partaken of the bitter draught of woe, rather than have quaffed from the poisonous cup of sin.

Again in the streets of London, I wandered about, until I found an opportunity to ship as cook to Boston. We had a pleasant, but rather long voyage. We arrived on the 19th of May, 1794, after I had been absent a considerable time, and had passed through many hardships and hair breadth escapes. I had become weary of this roving life, having neither brother or friend to sympathize with me, in moments of trial, and being constantly alarmed that the character of my sex would be discovered, although by this time I had so well acquired the air and tone of voice of the sailor, that the character seemed familiar to me. I had but a few dollars left after all my hardships, and my health beginning to decline, I kept myself for several days confined, and had abundant time for reflection. But the more I meditated the worse my situation seemed, and I almost gave myself up to despair. I was not able to labor with men, nor was I skilled in needle-work, and having a neglected education, was not qualified to establish a school. I should have sunk under

this weight of sorrow, had I not heard many who crossed my path complain of their hard lot, even when they possessed the common comforts and friendships of life. Alas, what would have been their murmurs had they like me been nursed in penury, and rocked in the cradle of affliction ! By their ingratitude I gathered new strength, and was resolved at least to be content with my situation, though I should beg for bread from door to door.

One day as I was in search of some employment, and was passing the court-house, I observed a crowd of people pressing in at the door. My curiosity being aroused to learn the cause of this excitement, I placed myself among the mass, and was carried along by the vortex until I reached the court chamber. An involuntary shudder came over me, as I remembered the melancholy fate of those unhappy men, and my own providential deliverance, at a similar tribunal in London. The prisoner had not yet been brought into court. After a while he arrived, attended by an officer; and judge of my horror on recognising in his bloated features, the same Captain Gregory, who attempted my ruin, and who had been the principal cause of all my subsequent sufferings. The captain, it seems, had become dissipated, and had lost the confidence of his employers. He had in a turn of drunkenness quarrelled with his landlord, of whom he had had his liquor, and killed him. Although the evidence was conclusive against him, his jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree. Thus would the wretch probably escape with a few years incarceration in the state prison. But methinks life must be a galling bur-

den to such a being, for conscience, that inward monitor, seldom slumbers in its office, but with an unerring index directs the oblivious memory to its own record of the cankered and guilty soul.

One beautiful morning I went down upon one of the projecting wharves in the harbor. The sun had just arisen. The weather was mild and pleasant, and the view of the harbor was extremely beautiful, there being just enough wind to waft the vessels inward. I was delighted with the calm beauty of nature spread out before me. As I was contemplating these objects, I observed not far from me a gentleman and lady richly clad, with a little girl about three years of age. Their minds appeared to be engrossed with admiration of the beauties spread out before them. As they strolled along, the child wandered a moment from their side, when suddenly the noise of its fall into the water was heard. So sudden was the transition of their minds from joy to terror, that they stood paralyzed by the suddenness of the fearful catastrophe. There was no other person near. I expected the father to plunge in and rescue her. I saw her rise, then sink again, and all was still as the grave; once more she appeared and sank. I resolved to make an effort for her when she again appeared, though I should perish with her. I knew this would be the last opportunity to save her. Her parents in their paroxysms of agony wept aloud. The gurgling of the water now indicated that she was approaching the surface, and for the last time. Throwing off my jacket, I plunged in, and had the good fortune to catch her as she arose, and placing her in a situation to enable me to swim as well as possible,

made my way to a boat, a few rods distant, lifting her into this, I got in myself. Disengaging the boat, I succeeded in mooring it to the wharf, and having landed with my prize, placed it in the arms of its now joyful parents. Their happiness was as sudden and intense as was their grief but a moment before. They showered upon me every possible demonstration of their gratitude. The father tendered to me the contents of his purse, and the lady taking a watch from her side begged me to accept it. But I declined a pecuniary remuneration, and replied, that I had done nothing more than my duty. Again, I was entreated to accept a reward, as they were wealthy, but I refused, replying that I did not hazard my own life for money. Upon this I was handed their address, and requested, after changing my clothing, to call upon them. I answered, that I should suffer no inconvenince from the water in my clothes; but they insisted that I should do as they requested, and call on them in an hour. I nodded assent to the latter proposition, and the gentleman requested me as I passed up the wharf, to send down his carriage which stood at the head of it. I did so.

In about an hour I went by the direction of the card to 91 Tremont street, which appeared an elegant establishment. I rang the door bell, and a servant appeared, of whom I inquired if Mr. Brown was at home, and was answered in the affirmative, but that he was engaged; by this time Mr. Brown had come to the door, and extending his hand, gave me a cordial reception. The child had now so far recovered as to be able to run about. He observed to me, that I had not changed my wet clothes, and seemed apprehensive lest I should

get a cold by neglecting it, and thought that I was an obstinate-headed fellow. I told him that was probably the case in some instances. He wished me to explain my meaning. I then made him acquainted with my destitute condition, and that I was not the owner of a change of clothing, and had but a few shillings in the world to buy food with. This account much excited his compassion, and he inquired next where I lodged. I told him it was with a poor family in an obscure part of the city. He said that I must go with him in a few moments and get a new suit of clothes; this I at first refused, but by his kind solicitations at last consented to receive. I was now informed that a situation would be provided for me in his store, and that I was to live in his family. I told him that such a blunt person as myself would make a ridiculous figure as a member of his family; that being left an orphan at a tender age, and always having to labor hard, I was ashamed of my bad education. I was informed that I should no longer be an orphan, if I would only look upon them as parents and guardians. Yielding to that powerful instinct in our nature, sympathy, and being intoxicated by the vision of friends and a happy home, I consented to comply with their urgent requests. Their treatment of me was the same as though I had been their child. Their lives were an exemplification of true Christian charity.

. Having been with them a number of days, I thought best now to come out in my own true colors, and discover who and what I was. But this was a delicate business. I pondered it in my mind for several days, not daring to divulge the whole truth, fearing that they

might not credit my story, but think I had disguised myself for some dishonorable purpose. But my virtue and truth I meant to maintain, and if the recital of my history should lessen me in their estimation, and I should be discarded by them, I should at least be as well off as I was before their hospitable reception. After I had made up my mind to this effect, I was under great anxiety on many accounts, such as how I should appear in a female garb, and how soften the masculine tone my voice had acquired.

Not knowing how my story might be received, I obtained one evening, the consent of the family to listen to it after supper. The appointed time came, and with an anxious heart I commenced. I first acquainted them with the poverty, sickness and death of my parents, that I was their only child,—and that child was a *female*. At the mention of this they started, and looked at me with astonishment. Begging them to calm their emotions, I proceeded with an account of myself while in the Smith family, and the cause of my leaving them, together with every essential particular in my history. They listened with much curiosity and solicitude. When I had finished, instead of upbraiding me, they showed every mark of tenderness and affection for me. They pledged themselves that I should not want so long as providence was bountiful to them. I now felt the force of his remark, when Mr. Brown called on us to witness, that truth and virtue would in the end vindicate their celestial nature, and come out from the warfare with vice and error unscathed and victorious.

I was asked if I should not like to change my dress,

for that of a female. I replied that I should be greatly rejoiced to do so, especially as I had now found protecting friends. I was soon provided with a stock of rich clothing. My dress now appeared as odd to me as when I first put on male attire. Whilst my hair remained short, I supplied my head with false braids. I was sent to school, and every care taken to make me an ornament in society. O what a contrast was this to my situation, when bound by pirates, and death impending over me; or while standing among criminals, awaiting the sentence of their awful doom.

Time passed on, and I had been at my studies about a year and a half. By this time I had worn away my masculine manners, and my voice had assumed its natural tone. One day as I walking down Washington street, in company with Mr. Brown and wife, we noticed a young man on the opposite side staggering about, apparently much intoxicated. As soon as I saw his face, I recognized the person who had attempted my dishonor while I was in the Smith family. I acquainted my benefactors of this, and Mr. Brown accosting a young man with whom he was acquainted, desired him to follow the fellow and ascertain as much as he could in relation to him.

On our return home in a few hours, we found the young man of Mr. Brown's acquaintance, waiting to give us the desired information. He said, that from Washington street he had followed him into several low tippling shops in Hatter's Square, and Ann street, &c. In one of those groggeries he inquired if they knew anything about the fellow, and was informed that he boarded there, or at least received his food for

his services in going on errands, and the like for them ; that he was a miserable drunkard, and that they should like to be rid of him ; that he had been several times in the House of Correction, and that he would be there again soon, and that this was the only fit place for him ; that he sometimes got a job of wood sawing, when he was sober. Mr. Brown was anxious to converse with him, and sent for him to come and saw his wood. He came and commenced his work. After a few moments, Mr. Brown sent word he wished to see him, and desired him to enter the house. He came in, and on being asked if his name was Hackley answered in the affirmative, and that he had long resided in the state of Maine, though he was a native of the state of New-York. He was asked if he was ever acquainted with a poor family by the name of Cole. He said he once knew such a family, in which was an only daughter ; that the parents were dead ; that no one knew anything about the child, except that shortly after her disappearance one night from her adopted home, intelligence was received that she had reached a poor widow's cottage late on one rainy night.

I now asked him if he could inform us of the cause of her singular conduct ? At this question he cast a wild glance at me, and for sometime was silent. I thought he had recognized me. Breaking silence, with a deep sigh, he replied that *he* was the only soul that knew the cause—but that he would that the grave had closed over him ere he had become acquainted with it. I asked him if he thought he should recognize her if he could see her. He said he thought he should ; but that she must have died long since. On being asked if he

would like to see her, he said it would afford him the greatest pleasure.

Mr. Brown now called me by name, and desired me to advance towards them, and pointing at me, said that I was the young orphan in question. Upon this he fell senseless to the floor. Restoratives being applied, he gradually revived; and looking wildly around, he imagined he had been in a dream. At length, perceiving the reality of his situation, he fell at my feet, confessed that he had tried his utmost to ruin me, and because he could not succeed, had been the cause of my being turned out of doors. He beseeched, he entreated me to forgive him. I gave him my forgiveness freely. He confessed that nothing had prospered with him, but that he had been cursed of God ever since that event. Asking our consent to give a brief sketch of his life, he commenced.

“ My parents, during my minority, resided in New York. They had always been in comfortable circumstances; and a large legacy from a rich relative in England placed them in an affluent condition. But the suddenness of the possession of this fortune caused them to squander it away in fashionable amusements, and a thousand other vanities. My father at length being awakened to a sense of the state of his sinking fortune, resolved to remove from a society among whom he could not much longer maintain his former station. He accordingly removed to the state of Maine, and engaged in the lumber business. I had two sisters, who with my mother, felt, when they departed eastward, that they had forsaken the world, and were leaving behind them all that makes life desirable.

“On arriving in Maine, my father entered largely in the trade of lumber, and in a few years acquired considerable wealth. Myself and sisters were indulged in idleness, and were much pampered by our parents. I grew vain, and was indignant at any effort to oppose my desires. When my attempt of violence upon your person had failed, I resolved to ruin your character, that you might not expose me, and accordingly was the author of that hellish plot by which you was turned out of doors. I exulted for a while, but remorse soon followed, and conscience was ever reminding me what a merciless wretch I had been. Though repentance came, it was too late to undo what had passed. In about two years both of my parents died, leaving me considerable property. I went into business, but every speculation I made turned out badly. It seemed that a curse rested upon me. I then took to the accursed wine cup, in order to drown my sorrows. I now made worse speculations than ever, and my fortune was nearly gone; when one day being much intoxicated, advantage was taken of my situation, and I was induced to endorse a note for several thousand dollars, and before its maturity the maker failed, and every thing being taken from me, I found myself several hundred dollars in debt. Now I was penniless, now I was friendless; for what friends I had not estranged by ill treatment, left me at this last blow. I hung around the grog shops as long as I could be allowed. A vessel coming to Boston, some townsmen offered to pay my passage if I would quit the place, and not let them see me for at least a year. I consented, though not without a small sense of shame at my degraded situation.

I traced the source of all this misery to the injury I had inflicted upon you. But I had only tasted of the bitter draught that was preparing for me. We arrived in Boston, and wandering about until it was nearly night, seeking employment but finding none, I began to ponder on my wretched situation, and coming to a place where temptation is held out to the poor inebriate, I could not resist the enticing draught, which I took, and taking a few cents from my remaining shilling, cast them down and departed.

“ At length I obtained lodging and board at a cheap establishment, and worked whenever people would employ me, which was only when I was sober, and that was rarely the case. I dragged along for a while in this way, being scarcely able to pay my board, and find myself in liquor. My appetite for strong drink increasing, I gave way to it, and attended to but little business. I could not now pay my board and supply the cravings of my appetite for strong drink, and becoming indebted for them both, I was twice arraigned as a vagabond and drunkard at the bar of your police, and sent to the House of Correction. I made no complaint against your municipal laws, though it seemed rather hard to me that such inducements to dissipation and ruin should be so publicly sanctioned. Alas, I have ruined myself, and there is not the least hope left me. But I ought not complain, for the just visitings of God are upon me.”

And concluding his brief narrative, he buried his face in his hands, and wept tears of repentance. I could not help feeling compassion for him under this load of misery, notwithstanding he had been the cause of all

my woes. But for him I might never have wanted friends, and a home: Yet the hand that had supported me, compelled him to partake of the bitter draught he had prepared for me, and drain it even to the dregs. He was now broken-hearted and penitent.

My benefactors were touched with compassion at the sight of so much misery, and procured him a boarding place. But his diseased and wrecked frame did not support itself only about a month after this. As he lay upon his death-bed he sent for us to come and see him. When we entered the room, he took me by his cold and death-like hand and again besought me to forgive him. I replied, that I had long since done so. His features brightening, he thanked me and exclaimed ; "O do not forsake the path of virtue, and you will surely be happy. O that I had never forsaken it; alas, the way of the transgressor is hard. There is no peace to the wicked. Would that I could live my life over again. But it is too late. I shall soon be before my Judge, and receive my due reward." His horrid features betrayed the most intense agony of mind; a few more convulsions, and he passed into eternity. As I gave a parting glance at his lifeless remains, soon to be returned to their mother earth, I could not forbear the reflection of what would have been his present situation, had he fulfilled the objects of existence designed by his Creator, and been an instrument of good rather than evil to those around him, and a blessing to himself.

Time passed happily on, and I was much respected and beloved by my adopted parents. At length I became acquainted with a young man by the name of

Hanson. I noticed a growing attachment on his part for me, and observing a similar feeling increasing with myself, I resolved to put an end to the intimacy. He begged permission to address me, but I declined, saying that I was but a poor orphan, and that he was rich and had been reared in a different rank of society from myself that being affluent and handsome he could have his choice among the many thousand fair ones; that by wedding me he might regret his choice, and I advised him to abandon the thought. He replied, if that is the case let me have my choice, for you are the one and only one I should select, and to no one else could I offer my heart. He wished me to meditate on it, and consult my friends. On making my new parents acquainted with all that had transpired, they extolled him highly, and encouraged our union; and in about four months we were married.

I lived in wedlock happy and content. Providence blest our union with four children. Thirty-three years of married life passed smoothly away, and we had not a sorrow to mar our happiness. It had always been my study and delight to train up my offspring in the paths of virtue and uprightness, instilling early into their young minds the importance of obeying the divine commands, and the fearful consequences of the least disobedience.

It is with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that I look back on my past life. The path of my early years was indeed strewn with thorns; and along its mazy and rugged labyrinth I can descry yawning pits, into which I should inevitably have been engulfed, had not virtue been my guide, constantly admonishing me of

the impending dangers by which I was surrounded. Yet I put my trust in my heavenly Father.

I am now in the vale of years. My children have all married, and are prospering. Having exposed myself to so many hardships while young, I feel that my health is fast declining, and that I must soon quit the busy stage of life.

I have now accomplished the object I had long desired, that of laying before the youth of both sexes, a brief narrative of my life, in which they may see, that however well vice and wrong-doing may prosper for a time, in the end it brings its own woe; and that virtue alone can guard and render them happy in this world, and secure their felicity in another.

Mrs. Emma Hanson died at the age of fifty-nine years and seven months, at her residence in Boston, and her loss was much lamented by a large circle of friends, to whom she was affectionately endeared.





"I fell upon my knees and besought him to spare me, a poor friendless orphan." See page 13.

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